

# Sequachee Valley News.

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NO. 37

## SOME TRIP FROM DETROIT

Evert Marlin Writes Interesting Letter of Experiences on Journey.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Marlin are in receipt of the following letter from their son, Evert, who recently visited them here, but whose letter dated Mar. 21, is from Baltimore:

"We arrived here yesterday afternoon, after being on the road nine days. We left Detroit Tuesday 12th, and had a very good trip. Most of the roads were in good condition, only in one place were they real bad. We were about ten hours making thirteen miles. Then at East Palestine, Ohio, we had to load on flat cars and go by rail to Beaver Falls, Pa., about twenty miles distance and when we got unloaded it was six o'clock in the morning. I slept about two hours and had breakfast and then had to start out again for a sixty-mile drive. Sometimes we got to sleep and sometimes we didn't."

"The people along the road and in the towns and cities sure treated us nice. They gave us lots of good things to eat and cigars and cigarettes. One day I got two boxes of chocolate candy and lots of apples and three packages of cigarettes and a bag of cakes. Most of the places where we would stop over for the night the Red Cross or some society club would have a big supper ready for us, and a lot of nice ladies to wait on us. Some nights it would be twelve o'clock before we would get any supper, but the people would stay up and feed us. In all of my soldiering I have never been treated so nice by strange people. We didn't have to sleep out a single night, the people always had a place for us to stay in, such as lodge halls, fire halls, armories and court-houses, and a lot of people would invite us to their homes. I can't tell you just how nice they did treat us. Last night they took us to one of the nicest restaurants in Baltimore and gave us supper, and then to the Y. M. C. A. where we had a bath and a swim in a big swimming pool."

"Today we turned our trucks over to the motor storage department and now, of course, we do not know what we will do next, but I don't think we will go back to Detroit. I am willing to take about a week's rest if its all right with the war boss. For the first two or three days I was real sore from driving as I haven't driven a truck since October. If we hadn't had good roads I guess I would have played out. We sure had some hilly country to drive thru. For two days we were in the Allegheny Mountains, and I never saw such steep mountains. We would just crawl up them, but when we would start down we would make up for lost time, and at times it was hard to keep our trucks under control. All of our brake linings are burned out and will have to be repaired before the trucks are sent to France."

### Elected Justice of the Peace.

W. J. Johnston and W. S. Pryor, both of Jasper, were elected Saturday in the election to fill vacancies in the County Court, caused by S. B. Baulston, deceased and J. C. Kelly, resigned. A very small vote was cast, owing to few having paid their poll tax.

Edgar Barrett has returned from Savannah, Ga., where he went to accept the foremanship in a handle company.

## ROOKIE WRITES A LETTER TO MA

Kamp Johnsing, Fla., Mar. 16, 1918  
Dear Ma:

Well, Ma, as I told you in my last letter here I come again. I shore am some sleepy tonite, but Mr. Y. M. C. A. said for me to write to ma so here I am a-doin just as he told me to do. You know Mr. Y. M. C. A. don't have to do nuthin but ask us to do what he wants us to do and we do it, cause if we don't he won't give us no paper, and have no more pretty girls to come out here and sing and play for us.

Well, Ma, I done had to do guard dooty and, believe me, Ma, if its any worst in Frants than it is here, then I don't want to do any there. They put me on dooty at the pumpin station and I had to walk up and down a straight line all the time, and, Ma, they wouldn't let me stop to rest 'cause they said if I did I would be shot for going to sleep on my post. I watched for it all the time that I was there, but couldn't find it. But I found a big log when it got so dark I couldn't see where I was going and fell off of the post and struck my shins again it, and, Ma, I don't want to sleep on no post like that. Well, Ma, I had been walkin that post all night, seemed to me when suddenly I heard a noise. I stopped and pulled up my trusty gun what was wayin about fifty pounds on my shoulder, and yelled Halt. Someone there in the dark said it was the officer of the day. I ast him what he was doin prowl around at night. He ast me how I liked it and I told him not much cause nothin had happened and I couldn't set down. But he told me to just keep walkin and I did, but, Ma, you no I had rather be digging cold than do this, but I don't ges I will dig any more cold at Whitwell for a while, but I had to keep guardin all the nite.

After a while I heard somethin agin and I holered, A halt, but the thing kept comin. I could here it movin in the weeds, but couldn't see it. Terrectly I saw the bushes shakin by the side of the path and after holerin halt three times like they told me to do and tellin it to advance and be recognized, witch it didn't do, I shot and with a yell it fell to the ground. I commenced to holler for the corporal of the gard, for I was skeered to go over there. Well, he cum and looked and it was an old cow and I had killed it. Well, they give me fits for killing that cow, but we had some fresh meet for breakfast next mornin and I was glad I killed it if they don't do nothin to me for doin so, but somehow that skeered me so bad I didn't know I was so er doin. Well, Ma, I ges you heard about my best friend bein sent away. It was Mr. Roy Jordan of Whitwell.

Well, Ma, I gus I had better get in the mess line. I may not rite any more for I want to hep win the war. Anser soon.

Yore son,  
A Rookie.

Mrs. P. S. Harris.

Whitwell, Mar. 25.—Mrs. P. S. Harris died at the Curry Sanitarium, South Pittsburg, Thursday morning, of Bright's disease. The remains were brought to Whitwell Thursday afternoon and interment made in the family burying ground. She leaves a husband, P. S. Harris, of Whitwell, and a large number of relatives and friends. Among those attending the burial was M. L. Harris, of Cleveland, Tenn., formerly of this county. John Moore, of Sequatchie Co., is a brother.

**FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOR BACKACHE, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

## Emblems of Beauty at the Eastertime



My Easter lilies, pure and fair and sweet,  
I know that hidden in your hearts of gold  
Still lies the secret you each year repeat—  
An oft-told story that can ne'er grow old—  
Of birds that sing,  
Of bells that ring,  
As o'er the earth now steals the spring.

Oh, rare as the splendor of lilies,  
And sweet as the violet's breath,  
Comes the jubilant morning of Easter.  
A triumph of life over death;  
For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom  
Full baskets of flowers we bring,  
And scatter their satin-soft petals  
To carpet a path for our King.

Thank God for all the Easter light—  
For every morning's glow;  
Thank God the Easter days are bright,  
And God would have them so!  
His lilies in their robes of white  
Over the wintry snow,  
And all this world of God's is bright,  
And God would have it so!

### Don't Slaughter Brood Sows

Owing to a falling hog market and the steady price of corn and other feeds, there is a tendency to sell or slaughter brood sows. The owner knows that the present price of pork is high. If he keeps his sows he will be required to use high-priced feed.

On the other hand, the hog man who sticks to the business thru high and low prices is the one who makes the most money. The man who sells now on a falling market is frequently the man who is tempted to go into the business when hogs are high.

There is a shortage of hogs over the United States as well as in the

world at large. From January 1, 1916, to January 1, 1917, the decrease in the United States was 313,000 head. In France the number of hogs has decreased 40 per cent.

Pork lends itself more readily than any other meat for use in the army. With the enormous and unusual needs of the men at the front as well as those of our allies the demand will be great and the price satisfactory.—Ohio Agricultural College.

### There Are Others.

"What are you knitting, my pretty maid?"  
She purred, then dropped a stitch.  
"A sock or a sweater, sir," she said,  
"And darned if I know which!"

## Special Programme EASTER, MARCH 31

To be given at the Presbyterian Church, Jasper, by the  
Young People's Christian Endeavor Society,  
Beginning at Eight o'clock.

Anthem, "Welcome, O Beautiful Easter Time," Choir  
Roll Call, [Answer with Appropriate Quotations]  
Reading of Scripture, Clyde Ferguson  
Prayer, Rev. T. L. Bryson  
Anthem, "All Hail, Immanuel," Choir  
"The Resurrection and the Life," Clyde Ferguson  
Duet, "He Did Not Die in Vain,"  
Charlesie Turner and Kelly Hackworth  
"How to See the Soul." Lynn Clyde Pryor  
Recitation, James Kelly  
Song, by Congregation  
Benediction.

OFFICERS: T. G. GARRETT, Vice-Pres.  
S. H. ALEXANDER, Pres. F. A. KELLY, Cashier

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## We Want Your Business

### Ringgold, Ga.

Special to the News.

Springtime is coming at last in North Georgia, and the farmers are showing their appreciation by preparing for large crops this year. We have had a long, cold winter, but hope ahead us and we knew that after the clouds and gloom would come sunshine and beautiful days again. This is a striking illustration of the happenings in the world today. Altho days are sad and gloomy now, hope sustains the people of our beloved country. It is hope in the hearts of the American mothers that makes them send their sons away with a "Goodbye, good luck; God bless you."

It is hope of victory and a sense of duty that makes men brave enough to risk their lives to fight for their country, their flag, their loved ones and their own homes. Of course we must have some foundation for hope, but we have that. We all know that it is the pride and boast of the United States that our country has never been defeated in a war, that our fair land has never been ruled by a king, except God, who is the King of all.

It seems as if only about half of the people realize that our country is at war. They all know it, but seem to think there is nothing for them to do but sit down and wait for the end to come. They wish the war was over and take a great deal but that is all. Let me tell you, good people, it is going to take action, industry, economy, sacrifice and a brave heart in every one of us to settle this world-wide struggle.

I believe real, true Americans are going to respond to the various calls Uncle Sam is making on us. I have a brother who is in training at Camp Taylor, near Louisville, Ky. We all know that he may go to France, but there is hope that he may return to us some day. But here is the greatest hope of mankind, the hope of a better life. A religious hope that is founded on a rock, the Rock of Ages, our Lord Jesus Christ. Let us all strive to gain the reward that results from our faith and hope in the Lord.

In Romans 5 ch., 1st verse we read: "Therefore, being justified by faith we have peace with God thru our Lord Jesus Christ." Again in Hebrews 6 ch., 19th verse: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."

I would like to see more good pieces in the News this week.

"Lone Star," I enjoy reading your piece very much. They are always interesting and helpful. I am sorry you were disappointed for me not writing. We may form a pleasant acquaintance thru the News. Peggy.

### Red Hill.

Special to the News.

Farming is the order of the day. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Andes visited Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Slatten at Red Hill Sunday.

A large crowd from this place and Whitwell went to the mines Sunday. Miss Bernice Grayson, who is attending school at Jasper, visited homefolks from Friday night until Monday.

E. A. Ashburn went to Dunlap Friday evening. T. J. Lasater, of Pelham, and Mr. and Mrs. Vance Lasater, and little son, of Coalmont, Tenn., visited Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Andes Saturday and Sunday.

Waiter Gubrecht, of Whitwell, called on relatives at Red Hill Sunday evening. Work at the new mines above Whitwell are progressing nicely.

Mrs. Lida Shirley visited Mrs. Joe King Monday.

There will be Easter services at Red Hill Sunday morning. Everybody invited to attend.

Mrs. Sherd Harris of Whitwell, died Thursday and was buried at Red Hill cemetery Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Jim Smith, of Cincinnati, Ohio, came in for the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Harris.

Misses Kizzie and Dorcas Richards, of near Oak Grove, attended the funeral of Mrs. Sherd Harris.

Mr. Standifer, of East Station, visited friends and relatives at Red Hill and Whitwell Thursday and Friday.

Red Hill.

### Dallas, Texas.

Special to the News.

Esteemed editor and readers of the News: Last Sunday morning I went to the postoffice, wondering what I would do to pass the day away. I unlocked my box and in my mail there was a letter from T. S. Bracken, telling us that our cousin from Denton was there, and that he would meet the 2:53 interurban at Arlington to take me out to his home. I then went to Oak Lawn to take dinner with my daughter, Mrs. Goode. Another daughter and her husband was there. I told them that I was going to Arlington to see my cousin, Mrs. Seffronia Curry. Mrs. Goode, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Payne and Sam Bracken decided they would go out in the car. They went in the car and I went on the suburban and they beat me to Arlington five or ten minutes. Tom's two soldier boys were at home, so when we all got there it was a pretty jolly crowd. There were Mr. and Mrs. Will Austin and three of their children. Mrs. Austin is the daughter of S. H. Bracken of Estill Springs, Tenn. It would be useless for me to try to give the names of all that were there. Tom counted what he could think of and he counted between a twenty-five and a hundred there, sometime in the day, Sunday, not all at one time.

I stayed out there until Tuesday morning. As Sam had to return to San Antonio Tuesday, there were several came as far as Dallas with him, T. S. Bracken, Sam's father, his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Odell, a brother-in-law, W. E. Howard, and a young lady not his sister, Miss Alta Henry, and myself. The young people gathered in to give the boy a nice time, and seemed to enjoy themselves.

"J. G." of Eastland, I would like to make a visit back there and take that berry hunt. I hope to be able to spend a few weeks back there this summer. I certainly would enjoy a visit back there. I am going back to Arlington today to stay a few days, as I will be idle until the 1st.

Hope to see many letters in this issue of the News. As I have gone the limit will quit for this time. Lone Star.

### Grave's Creek.

Special to the News.

Singing was attended by a large crowd Saturday night, at Pine Hill. Sunday school will start Sunday on Pine Hill. Everybody is invited to come out and take a hand and we will ensure you a good time.

Will Tate and wife visited P. H. Tate Sunday.

Frank Layne visited homefolks Saturday.

Ross Tate visited on Griffith Creek Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Lillie Layne and husband visited Allison Layne Saturday.

P. H. Tate and son, Will, have been farming for the past week.

Flonie Morrison and Mildred Crenshaw visited Nannie Layne Sunday and report a nice time.

Come on soldier boys for I enjoy reading your letters.

Mrs. Callie Griffith has been sick for a good while. We trust and hope in God that she will soon get well.

Wonder what has got wrong with the Pocket. Come on and give us the news.

Will ring off, describing myself, and you can guess who I am: white-headed, blue eyes and fair skin, red dresses and wear high-top shoes, and live in fox and sedgegrass town, and sure enjoy reading the News. Pa's and Ma's Pet.

### SPRING IS NICE, BUT—

Lack of fresh vegetable food and interrupted, changing habits make these trying weeks for anyone inclined to constipation. Foley Cathartic Tablets are just the thing for indigestion, biliousness, gas on stomach, furred tongue, headache, or other condition indicating clogged bowels. Cause no bad after effects. Sold Everywhere.

Jesse Thach, of Jasper, is in very feeble condition. He is 88 years old, and one of the oldest and best known citizens of the county. His son, P. A. Thach, of Chattanooga, is attending him during his illness.

### "ATTENTION"

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